

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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DEBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY
CLEMENT DOANE.
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SCHOFIELD HOUSE!
RESTAURANT & SALOON!
By Col. J. Mehringer,
No. 222 Green St. bet Jackson & Hancock,
dec. 23d, 1865. LOUISVILLE, KY.

M. F. MALOTT, T. E. COBB, J. C. SCHAFER.
MALOTT, COBB & SCHAFER.

Attys at Law,
JASPER, INDIANA,
Will practice in the Courts of
DEBOIS COUNTY.

Special attention given to the
Collection of Claims.
Office on the East side of the Pub-
lic Square,
June 22, 1867. 1y.

BRAND STEINER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Notary Public,
Jasper Ind.,
Will practice in all the Courts of
Debois and Perry Counties, Indiana.
July 19, 1867-1y

Clement Doane,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JASPER, INDIANA.
Will attend promptly to any business
entrusted to him in any of the courts
of Debois county. Office in the Courthouse,
on West street.

G. T. B. Carr,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JASPER, INDIANA.
Will practice in all the Courts of Debois
and adjoining counties.
Office on the South side of the Public
Square. Sept. 20, '67.

C. STEGE, H. REILING, JOS. HANSHAUSEN
STEGE, REILING & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Groceries, Provisions, Teas,
TOBACCO, CIGARS,
MARKET STREET,
North Side, between Second and Third Sts.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
P. S.—Prompt attention to orders from the
country. sep. 12, 1863 tf.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
East Main Street
Jasper, Ind.,
N. E. BORING, Prop'r.

Having leased this house from Mr. Ser-
mersheim and having refitted and furnished
it, it is now open for the accommodation of
travelers and boarders. Being directly in
front of the Court House, and close to the
business portion of the town, it is a conven-
ient stopping place, and the proprietor will
spare no exertion to make his guests com-
fortable.
Good stabling and feed provided for
horses, with a careful ostler.

Merchants' and Mechanics'
HOTEL.
WEST ST., BETWEEN MAIN and McDONALD,
JASPER, INDIANA.

THE undersigned, having purchased and
fitted up this property for hotel purposes,
solicits a liberal share of public patronage.
His table will always be supplied with the
best the market affords, and no effort will
be spared to make those who may stop with
him "feel at home."

Good stabling furnished for horses.
JOHN GRAMMELSPACHER.
Jan. 12, '67-y.

**How Winter Cometh to Palace and
Hovel.**

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

He comes! The tardy winter comes!
I hear the footsteps through the Nights!
I hear his vanguard from the heights
March through the pines with muffled
drum!

His naked feet are on the mead:
The grass blades stiffen in his path.
No tear for child of Earth he hath!
No pity for her tender seed!

The bare oaks shudder at his breath:
A moment by the stream he stays—
It melody is mute! A glaze
Creeps o'er its dimples as of death!

From fettered stream and blackened moor
The city's walls he silent peers:
The mansions of the rich he fears!
He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth,
The frost rimmed greybeards power defy:
He curses as he hurries by—
And strikes the beggar dead to earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares;
A hundred heartless hovels hold
Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold,
Watched by a hundred grim despair!

The forests grow by His command,
Who saith, "He lendeth to the Lord
Who giveth to the poor!" Your hoard
Is His! Ye stewards of the land!

Here is your mission! Ye who feed
Your lavish flocks! Not star,
But at your doors, your flocks are set!
God's poor—your creditors! Take heed!

The path is long to Pagan shores;
Their skies are sunny; God o'er all!
The winter's deadly harvests fall
Around you! Deal your Master's stores!

That Dam Roaring.
A young buck went to see the daughter
of a Presbyterian elder lately, whose house
was near a mill dam. It being the spring
of the year, the waters made considerable
of a roar as they tumbled over the dam.—
The modest young man tapped lightly at
the door at first and received no answer.—
Again and again he repeated his knock, but
still was unheard. Mustering up courage,
he proceeded to inflict some severe thumps
on the door, which brought the staid old
gentleman out.

"I suppose," said the youngster, who had
by this time become slightly savage from
being compelled to wait so long. "I sup-
pose you could not hear my knocking for
the dam roaring."

"The dam roaring! What do you mean,
sir? How dare you speak in that way!
said the divine, somewhat angered by hear-
ing the young man swear in his presence.

"I mean to say that I suppose you could
not hear my knocking on account of the
dam roaring."

"Damn roaring again! You young scoun-
drel!" Have you the impudence to insult
me with a repetition of those words? Be-
gone, sir.

"My dear sir," quoth the now bewildered
youth. "I intended to say that I presumed
I could not be heard on account of the dam
roaring," laying particular emphasis on the
last two words.

"Insult on insult shouted the infuriated
old man, and rushed at the poor fellow with
the evident intention of ejecting him, but
was restrained by the voice of his daughter
exclaiming:

"Papa, I suppose the young man intended
to say that he could not be heard on account
of the roaring of the dam."

"Oh—I beg your pardon, sir—I beg your
pardon—walk in, walk in reality—ah! I
declare! The dam roaring! Capital!—
Come in, come in. That is too rich!"

It is needless to add that the youngster
went in, and, in the excellent society of the
young lady, soon forgot the "dam roaring."

Printer's Devil.—"I ain't going to be
called a printer's devil any longer—no more,
I ain't," exclaimed our filibuster the other
day, in a terrible pucker.

"Well, what shall we call you, hey?"

"Why, call me typographical spirit of
evil, if you please, that's all."

Fontenelle says that "Women have
a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in
the brain than men."

General Sherman's Political Views.

At the second annual meeting of the
"Society of the Army of the Tennessee,"
held in St. Louis on the 13th, General Sher-
man delivered the address. In consequence
of his name having been suggested in con-
nection with the Presidency, considerable
interest just now attaches to General Sher-
man's political views; we therefore lay be-
fore our readers that portion of the speech
which refers to the political situation:

I have often been asked by my fellow sol-
diers, when troubled by the reports of the
disturbed condition of things at the South,
whether, after all, our labors had not been
vain, whether we might not again be called
on to repeat the scenes of 1863 and 1864,
or whether the rebels, defeated in battle,
might not, in the hurry of time and politi-
cal, regain their "lost cause" and their lost
pride.

On these points I feel no great solicitude;
but whether I can convey to your minds
the same convictions I will not say. His-
tory rarely goes backward, and events in
the past are usually as real as the granite
rock on which we stand. Surely no man
ever had a more glorious cause than we,
and never, in my judgment, did war so com-
pletely fulfill its natural office. When we
laid down our arms and each man returned
to his chosen vocation, not an armed rebel
remained to question the national authority,
and if perfect subordination and tranquility
have not resulted, we must look for the
cause in the nature of things or in the civil
administration of our Government. The
former lays within province, but the latter
is not a fair topic of discussion for the sol-
dier, who is sworn to obey the laws of his
country duly enacted, and the orders of his
superiors.

That questions of great interest should
have resulted from our war was to be ex-
pected, such as concern the rights of States,
and the rights of citizens therein. On
these questions, you who were formerly of-
ficers and soldiers, but are now citizens,
should form and express your opinions as
freemen, unbiased by the clamor of the
hour, and should leave to others an equal
right, bearing in mind that there is room for
doubt, and that men may differ and differ
widely, and yet be honest; but when a con-
clusion is once arrived at by due course of
law, the subject is no longer an open ques-
tion for discussion, but should be submitted
to, simply because it is the law of the land.
[Applause.] Each and every one of you
can recall periods in your own history, when
you supposed those in authority were setting
wrong; but by a patient, silent discharge
of your own clearly defined duty you saw
these doubts and confusions clear away like
a mist cloud, and reveal to you the truth tri-
umphant. So will it be in your civil experi-
ence, when a similar acquiescence in events
will produce the same result. But for a
more comprehensive understanding of these
important questions, we must turn from our
limited experience to that of others as re-
corded in history.

As early as 1761, a hundred years before
our civil war, Virginia, under the influence
of Richard H. Lee, attempted to stop the im-
portations of slaves by a prohibitory duty,
but her action was vetoed in England. In
South Carolina a similar attempt was made
with a like result. In Georgia, General
Oglethorpe began his colony for the express
purpose of limiting the existence of slavery
in that direction. Still later, at the time of
our revolutionary war, the sentiment op-
posed to the institution of slavery was nearly
universal, so much so that the slave trade
was prohibited after 1808, and the word
slave was not written at all in our Consti-
tution.

Slavery would surely have been extin-
guished in this country by a gradual and
natural process, and we might have been
spared our civil war, had not other causes
come into play. It was found that the soil
and climate of the Southern States were
admirably adapted to the growth of cotton.
The power of steam was discovered and
applied to machinery of all kinds, especially
in Old and New England, and Eli Whitney,
of Massachusetts, invented his cotton gin.—
These created an immense demand for the
staple and seem to have changed the whole
current of public opinion. The invention
of the cotton gin did more to fix slavery up-
on us than any amount of prohibitory legis-
lation, or any amount of anti-slavery agita-
tion. So that I have always felt that Old
England and New England had much to do

in fastening slavery upon us as a people,
and should have a just share in the respon-
sibility for its baneful result. Under these
influences cotton became a power in the
land. It was proud arrogant and claimed
to be king. It dictated its terms and
threatened war unless its imperious demands
were granted. It claimed the right to go
where it pleased, and to extend itself over
such lands as Kansas and California, not
adapted to it, or to slave labor at all, and at
last it rebelled and set up a government of
its own, whose corner stones were cotton
and slavery.

Nothing on earth could justify such a re-
bellion, and I only mention these facts in
the past to show that others than the people
of the South were partially responsible, and
should share the natural consequences of
their own acts. [Applause.] And I, born
of Connecticut parents, bearing in affec-
tionate remembrance the virtues of my honored
ancestors, and yielding to no man in admi-
ration of the intelligence, refinement, in-
dustry and thrift of the people of New En-
gland, do honestly believe that they, in com-
mon with all the great North, who shared
in the original causes, and enjoyed a large
part of the profits resulting from cotton and
slave labor, should be charitable and liberal
in the final distribution of the natural pen-
alties. [Applause.] If slavery then was
the real cause of our civil war, or even the
pretext for it, and if the children must in-
herit the sins of their fathers even to the
third and fourth generation, then none of
us who trace our origin back to the earlier
days of the Republic can escape this mathe-
matical and philosophical conclusion, or in
the language of Dr. Draper: "Guilty then
both of us in the sight of God. Let us not
vex each other with mutual crimination, but
bear our punishment with humanity."

How has this punishment been partitioned
by the result of this war? We of the North
have to mourn the loss of fathers, brothers,
sons and friends, and are burdened with a
vast national debt, binding on us in fact, in
law, and in honor, never I hope to be ques-
tioned by any honorable man in America
till every cent is paid.

Look to the South, and you who went
with methrou the land, can best say if they,
too, have not been fearfully punished.—
Mourning in every household; desolation
written in hard characters across the whole
face of their country; cities in ashes, and
fields laid waste; their commerce gone;
their system of labor annihilated and de-
stroyed; ruin, poverty and distress every-
where; and now pestilence adding the cap
sheaf to their stock of misery, her proud
men begging for pardon, and appealing for
permission to raise food for their children,
her four millions of slaves free, and their
value lost to their former masters forever.

How any Southern gentleman, with these
facts plain and palpable everywhere, staring
him in the face and recorded forever in the
book of history, can still boast of his "lost
cause," or speak of it in language other
than that of shame and sorrow, passes my
understanding; and instead of being revived,
I know that their lost cause will sink deeper
and deeper into infamy as time more keenly
probes its hidden mysteries and reveals
them to the light of day. [Loud appl'ause.]

Now that slavery is gone, and gone for-
ever, with its unhappy wrecks left behind,
and all danger is passed of any set of men
appealing to war when they have courts to
secure their rights and redress their wrongs,
I would trust our national destiny again to
those grand old natural laws which raised
our country through the long, tedious vas-
sals of colonization; which carried us
safely through the ordeal of our revolution-
ary war; made our flag famous on the high
seas of 1812; led our conquering army to
gates of Mexico in 1847; and has borne us
gloriously through four years of as hard war
as ever tested the manhood of any people.

Let us revive, as far as lies in our indi-
vidual power, that system which, Bantroft
tells us, guided our fathers before the rev-
olution—"the system which has been reveal-
ed in Judea—the system which combines
and perfects the symbolical wisdom of the
Orient and the reflective genius of Greece
the system conforming to reason, yet kind-
ling with enthusiasm, always hastening re-
form, yet always conservative; proclaiming
absolute equality among men, yet not rud-
ely abolishing the unequal institutions of
society; guaranteeing absolute freedom, yet
invoking the inexorable restrictions of duty;
in the highest degree theoretical, yet

in the highest degree practical; awakening
the inner man to a consciousness of his des-
tiny, and yet adapted with exact harmony
to the outward world; at once divine and
human. This system was professed in ev-
ery part of our widely extended country,
and cradled our freedom."

With such a spirit pervading all our coun-
try once more, with our population increas-
ing thirty-three per cent, every ten years,
with our national wealth developing in even
a greater ratio, with our frontiers pushing
back in every direction, with farms and vil-
lages and cities rapidly covering our vast do-
main, with mines of gold and silver and
iron and coal pouring out wealth faster than
ever did the cotton fields of the South, with
forty thousand miles of finished railroads
and other thousands in rapid progress, can
any one doubt our present strength or cal-
culate our future destiny? If our friends at
the South will heartily and cheerfully join
with us in this future career, I for one would
welcome them back, our equals but not our
superiors, [applause.] and lend them a help-
ing hand. But if like spoiled children they
cling to the dead past, and shut their eyes
to the coming future, I would call their at-
tention to that wave of emigration that has
swept over our land from the Atlantic to
the Pacific, and must soon turn back and
flow South. [Applause.] They may op-
pose, but their opposition will be as vain as
it was for them to try and stop the army of
the Tennessee which swept the length and
breadth of their land. The next wave of
Northern invasion will not desolate their
land, but will fructify and regenerate it.

And now in conclusion, my friends, I will
say that since the war closed, nothing has
given me more perfect satisfaction than to
see the spirit you have all manifested since
you cast aside your soldier's garb.

Lee's Army.

Henry Ward Beecher says, in the con-
cluding chapter of his novel:

"He (the hero of the story) had had part
in the last grand battles, stormed Lee's lines,
earned every step by desperate endeavor,
and after every advantage, found Lee still
firm, defiant desperate. No one so well
knew the incomparable skill and bravery of
that now waning army of Virginia as they
who for four years had fought it, and now,
in the hour of its supreme disaster, were
grinding it to powder rather than forcing its
surrender; and, when at length, cut off from
its lines of retreat by that lion of the bat-
tlefield, whose ramping cavalry "lay crouched
across his only path, his artillery gone,
his trains taken or destroyed, his ammuni-
tion expended, his chief officers slain, or
wounded or captured, his men reduced to a
handful, overwheeled by night without
sleep and days taxed to the utmost. Lee's
army yielded, General Cathcart, and every
other brave man, in their admiration felt
that the heroism of Lee's army was the only
worthy measure of the perseverance and
bravery of the army of the Potomac.—
It every generous bosom rose the
thought—"These are not of another
nation, but our citizens." Their mis-
taken, their evil cause, belonged to the
system under which they were reared, but
their military skill and heroic bravery belong
to the nation, that will never cease to mourn
that such valor had not been expended in a
better cause, and that the iron pen must
write: "The utmost valor misdirected and
wasted."

Lawyers are sometimes very particu-
lar. The other day one of these learned
and amiable gentlemen was waited on by a
young man who wished his advice, and be-
gan by saying—

"My father died and made a will—"
"Is it possible? I never heard of such a
thing," answered the lawyer.

"I thought it happened every day," said
the young man; "but if there is to be any
difficulty about it, I had better give you a
fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then the lawyer
observed—

"Oh, I think I know what you mean.—
You meant your father made a will and
died."

"Yes, yes; that must be it."

When is a lady's neck not a neck?
When it is a little bare.)

A Virginia court has decided that a
wife's clothing belongs to her husband.